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mighty through God to the pulling down of every stronghold founded in selfishness and defended by the mightiest engines of physical force which human wit can devise.

Whitewashing War.

We have read somewhere a story of a simple-minded whitewasher, colored or white, who, in order to draw customers, had placed over his door the sign: "Goin' out whitewashin' done in here." It would seem just now as if this sign might appropriately be placed over the doors of certain departments of governmental management. About everything connected with the recent war, its mismanagement and the evils and quarrelings growing out of it, seem to be getting a slash of the whitewash brush.

General Eagan has been courtmartialed and suspended, not because he was guilty of appointing incompetent favorites, not because he fed the soldiers "embalmed" or rotten beef, but because he got mad and said several sorts of "bad" words at General Miles. But he is allowed to continue to draw a salary of more than five thousand dollars a year, and to retire, like a gentleman, to one of "our new possessions", to a coffee plantation which he has annexed.

Secretary Alger and the War Department in general have gone almost scott free at the hands of the War Investigation Commission. It was generally believed, when the Commission was appointed, and during the investigation, that its character, as composed of military men and friends of the Department, would lead it to make a whitewashing report. It is true, the Commission found many grounds of blame, as it was compelled by public sentiment to do. But this blame is distributed in such a way and couched in such terms as to make it characterless. The conspicuous incompetency of the head of the War Department is toned down to "lack of that complete grasp of the situation which was essential", and the General is towed about by the President in his trips as if he were the *sine qua non* of the Administration.

The inspector-general's department is found to be "not as efficient as it ought to have been", an utterance which might be made with truth about any service performed by even the most competent human being. General Miles and Dr. Daly are declared to have been "derelict in duty" for not communicating to the Department their suspicion that the refrigerated beef had been chemically treated. And so on through the list. Everybody is uncorrupt and patriotic and energetic, but everybody has failed to do his work perfectly. Everybody is hit, nobody is hurt. As a climax of the whole, the poor "embalmed" beef itself is now being investigated, and in spite of General Miles, or because of him, it is almost certain to get its coat of whitewash.

We do not wonder much at the report of the War

Investigation Commission. If it had not felt itself compelled to save the reputation of the War Department, if it had dared to tell the truth and the whole truth, it would have brought the most serious charges, not against the War Department alone, but against Congress also for the reckless haste with which it plunged the nation needlessly into war, and against the President himself for allowing himself to be "rushed" against his judgment and his wish into the horrors of conflict. The final blame rested just here, and with that large noisy section of the people which shouted for war, and whose voice the authorities mistook for the voice of God.

There was therefore no other report which the Commission could make, unless it had gone beyond the purpose of its appointment and had had the courage to expose the whole gigantic wrong from beginning to end. It was not appointed for this purpose, evidently. The investigation has been absolutely worthless, when judged by any of the higher standards which ought to control the life and activity of the nation. It has been worse than worthless; it has been positively mischievous. Its influence will help to keep the eyes of the people closed to the iniquities and absurdities of war, and to lead the nation farther and farther into the spirit and practice of militarism.

Nothing gets whitewashed as war, and everything connected with it, does. It has always been so. Its hideous and ghastly deformity has been decked out in every fair device which the imagination could suggest, in order to make it look holy and beautiful. Painters have painted it in the fairest colors of the rainbow. People sing over it, pray over it, preach over it, orate over it, as if it were the fairest and sweetest thing in all God's world. Money is spent on it as a lover throws away money on his mistress. Gilded and costly swords are presented to those who have been foremost in killing and mangling their fellowmen. War men are promoted for what occurs in the regular performance of their tasks, as no other men in any other calling, however difficult it may be, are promoted. It is humiliating in the extreme to see men, otherwise rational and humane, joining in all this glorification of what ought to receive the instant and universal condemnation of all rightly ordered souls. The time will come when all this will cease, and war, stripped of its finery, will be sent forth as an outcast to wander without a friend on the planet.

The Conquest of the Philippines.

"What can war but endless war still breed?"

No sadder, no more shameful page has ever been written in American history than that which is now being written in the Philippine islands. The United States, the land of freedom and justice, "mowing